

W. H. Luby



The Pennell Whirlpool

1923

Pennell Institute
Gray, Maine

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1923,

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Athletics

Athletics this year were not up to standard. We were handicapped by the graduation of all our veteran players, and had only new material to break in. In the first of the school year we fulfilled our promise to put the hall in good shape. This was a great expense to the school, but was covered by the money received from the Curtis Publishing Company. After many efforts we were unable to secure a hall for basketball. Wishing for some sport to take up the leisure moments, the A. A. purchased a set of boxing gloves, which were used very much.

Baseball is the only sport left for us to play. In this, also, we are handicapped. All the players must be new men, but school spirit is prevalent, and we shall have a great many candidates for the team. Having quite a sum of money in the treasury, we hope to begin practice soon, as the field has dried sufficiently to permit it. We are looking forward for a very busy season in baseball and hope to begin a schedule very soon.

ERNEST LEONARD.

Editorials

AMERICA, "THE MELTING POT."

A noted writer once referred to the U. S. as the melting pot, into which all races and tongues in the world are cast, so that out of them might be made a new nation. We all know, but hate to acknowledge, that, with the exception of the Indians, we are all immigrants.

So rapidly do some of the newcomers adopt our ways that it almost seems that the first day after landing, the immigrant learns to change money; the second day, he learns American slang; the third day, he mounts a soap box and urges others to "keep out the aliens."

In 1910 about one-seventh of our population were immigrants. We soon found out during the World War that many who were foreign born, or were of recent foreign ancestry, were not as completely Americanized as we thought. It seemed to be their plan to come to America to earn only money enough to go back and finish their days in luxury in their beloved fatherland. We are now putting our best foot forward to teach foreigners what American ideals stand for, and to help them to put "America first."

Since the Great War so many Europeans have rushed to this country that Congress has limited immigration and has seriously thought of closing our ports entirely to foreigners. Something must be done. They come over here; work as cheap labor; their standards of living are much below ours; they are clannish and are swayed by prejudice and by corrupt use of money. These immigrants have much lower standards than our ancestors possessed. We have enough of these people in our country now. Must we always remain a melting pot for ignorant foreigners?

M. C. S., '24.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

Of all the seasons in the year,
The very best for me,
Is the time of snow and wind and ice,
Like 1923.

When drifts are deep,— 'bout twenty
feet,
And the top of trees is all you can see,
You can surely guess—in looking back,
'Twas 1923.

When traffic all is stopped by snow,
And ships are wrecked at sea,
What year was this?
Why don't you know?—'Twas 1923.

When on every corner you heard folks
say,
"Next year in Florida I will be,"
What year was this?
Just stop and think—of 1923.

E. Cole, '24.

Literary

THE MUTINY ON THE NOMAD.

Flapping its sails idly, the tramp schooner "Nomad" rolled in a glassy sea. She was near the equator on her way from Boston to Buenos Ayres with a cargo of textiles and had been overtaken by one of those calms that characterize the horse latitudes. The sun beat down, its heat accentuated by the absence of a single breath of moving air, while the glistening, bright green water reflected its rays.

Under an awning on the Nomad's deck sat Charles Mason. His face showed the effects of the stinted diet forced upon him by the depletion of the ship's provisions during the long calm. As the captain emerged from the forward companionway, Mason arose and started to follow him around the deck.

Suddenly a pair of half-starved sailors flung themselves on the captain. He was taken by surprise and nearly thrown overboard before he could resist. So quick was their attack that Mason was stupefied, for a moment, but he quickly grasped a marlin spike and charged the ruffians. With one blow he crushed the larger's skull, then whirled to the other, but the captain had choked him to death. In the meantime the crew had been arriving from all directions, arming themselves as best they could. The mutiny had begun--they were fighting for their lives! The captain emptied his revolver into the crew; then, picking up an axe from a dead sailor's hands, he and Mason fought their way toward the forecastle. The mutineers quickly scattered as the door burst open, and the other officers rushed out with drawn revolvers, escorting the two safely in.

"They are after the provisions," gasped the captain, as he stood panting on the threshold. "Cartes, you and the second mate barricade the galley door."

Quick as they were, the crew had beaten them to the galley and were looting the supplies when they arrived. The mutineers were without firearms, while the galley was too narrow for close fighting. This being the case, the two officers soon drove them out and reinforced the door. They now had the forward end of the ship, while the crew controlled the aft.

There was a lull in the battle now as the officers bound up the captain's wounds. That mariner remarked to the silent faces around him, "There are eight of us, men. We can starve them to submission, for we have the food."

Here the second mate stepped forward and reported, "Sir, the crew are in possession of the flour and bacon, which they took before we could prevent them." The officers' look of consternation was interrupted by a cry from the ship's carpenter. "A storm is coming" shouted the Swede excitedly. The captain sprang to the porthole to assure himself of the truth of the carpenter's statement. Sure enough, the sky was fast filling with black clouds. His face lighted up with relief as he exclaimed, "The calm is broken! Now we have a chance." Turning to the first mate, he ordered, "Take the wheel and hold it to a southwest course." The *Nomad's* sails slowly filled and she came up into the wind in response to its helm.

Meanwhile the crew became busy. There is no light punishment for mutiny on the high seas, so they did not intend to let the *Nomad* make port with the captain in charge. To stop the ship from sailing until they should obtain control of the helm they reefed sails. Then they descended to the hold and fell to sawing thru the supports under the fore-castle floor. As they were occupied in this manner, they found some rifles in the hold, so they were confident of capturing the officers.

The first intimation of their danger to the officers was the sound of sawing under the floor. Then the floor sagged down in one corner as a timber was severed. The captain was quick to meet the emergency. With his axe he chopped a hole large enough to shoot thru at the mutineers. As the crew could not now saw without endangering their lives, they retired and nothing happened for the rest of the day.

As night drew on the captain called a conference of the officers in the chart-house, realizing the necessity of immediate action. During the discussion that followed, the captain turned to Mason and said, "I wish you would look at my foot. I'm afraid of blood poisoning. You used to be a doctor, didn't you?" After examining it, Mason opened the doctor's kit for an antiseptic. As he hunted thru he gave a start and announced, "Here's a drug that will put the whole crew to sleep, if we could get it into their water supply!"

At this the captain, his foot forgotten, beckoned him into the fore-castle and started to enlarge the opening in the floor. Mason saw his idea; he could go the way the crew had come. So that night with the drug in one hand and a revolver in the other, he stealthily crept aft. He succeeded without mishap in his project.

The next day the officers captured the few that had not succumbed to the drug and, having tied up the others, they set sail. Being very short-handed, the captain divided the crew into twelve-hour watches and steered for Santos, the nearest port. As they dropped anchor there two days later, the weary captain said to Mason, "I think we've earned a rest. How would you like to visit the coffee plantations?"

GEORGE KENT.

ON THE MOON.

The moon is round and a yellow hue,
It smiles bright nights at me and you.
Some day I plan to visit there,
And see if I can discover air.

It was a bright night. The moon was full and the sky was filled with stars. I was entranced by the beauty of the sky and the calmness of the summer air.

My nurse arranged my chair so that I could take advantage of the beautiful garden and sky and still be comfortable. I then told her she could take a walk if she wished, because I believed myself well enough to be alone, and besides I wanted to think about the moon. I had been alone but a short time when from a rose bush beside my chair stepped a small elf. He glanced at me and then he walked to the other end of the garden. When he returned he was carrying a rubber outfit. "Jump into this," he said, "if you wish to learn about the moon."

First I thought of my leg, but when I attempted to stand, my leg did not bother me at all, and I found to my surprise that I could move about very easily. I did not know what to say, so I kept quiet and put on the suit.

When I was ready, the little person bade me follow him. We walked a short way and then I entered a round ball of yellow. It was very light and seemed to me like a cloud. When I turned, my little friend had disappeared. I was floating through the air! Many times I thought I was near the moon, but each time I was mistaken. After a very long time I seemed to float downward and soon I discovered I was standing on the moon.

I did not know what to do next, but I was soon cheered by the sight of my little friend. I can never tell how he arrived at the moon because I am sure he did not come with me. He looked around, then turned his attention to me. "I have brought you up here so that you may discover why people see the face on the moon. When you have learned that, you will promptly return to your garden." This was all he said; he then disappeared, and I have never seen him again.

I began to walk around the moon. The slate surface was rather hard to walk on. Soon I came to a large crater and looking in I saw a very bright thing that resembled the pupil of a person's eye. It kept crying out, "I am the left eye, I am the left eye." I was bewildered until I heard a voice coming from the crater opposite crying, "I am the right eye, I am the right eye."

Then I remembered that the elf had told me to discover why we see the face on the moon. I walked down a path between the middle

of these two holes and I came to a large hill; on the opposite side of the hill I discovered two small craters from which I heard, "We are the nose, we are the nose." I walked a very short distance when I came to a hill shaped like a man's upper lip.

Between this hill and another hill which, I suppose, formed the lower lip, was a crater from which came the words, "You have now discovered why you can see the face on the moon. Return to earth, and, when you look up at me, remember how my resemblance to a face is formed."

To my surprise, I found I was gradually floating downward, and in a very short time I was being wheeled through the garden to the house by my nurse.

I begged her to let me sit in the garden a short time and look at the moon. This made the nurse laugh. I asked her what she was laughing about and she told me I had just told her the strangest story about the moon—while I was sleeping.

MYRTLE CAMPBELL, '25.

Juniors are we right and strong	Careful as we are each day,
Useless to deny.	Love our schoolroom as we may,
Now I hope our twelve remain,	And our schoolmates dear.
I for one shall try.	So we have no time to play,
Order must we have,	Soon will be our closing year.
Rules we must obey.	

V. M. Y., '24.

"MIXED COMPOSITION."

Today Bobby was unusually uneasy. It was impossible for him to keep his mind on the theme he was writing in History. A few days ago he had been at the movies and since then the comedy seemed to be a part of Bobby also. Continuously it was in his mind. Realizing the period was nearly over, he hastily wrote the following composition:

"C'lumbus discovered America in 1492. I had to laugh when he fell down on the ice. He was the only one who thought the world was round because the woman, a fat one, crossed the street and blocked the traffic. To prove it, he set sail when the cop made a mistake and got a suit-case full of snakes instead of jewelry. It is to C'lumbus that we owe the discovery that when the Ford came to a hill it went around to save gasoline.

After many days he said he saw that Charlie Chaplin was in it and that he was funny, too. Soon everyone landed in America and there a little nigger stuck his head in a flour barrel. Later he returned to England just as the firemen were washing Woolworth's five- and ten-cent store with a hose in New York. Queen Isabella was very much pleased with his movies."

DOROTHY HANCOCK.

"JUST LISTEN AT RECESS."

"If you don't buy me a chocolate bar—"	"Where Squig went hunting—"
"I won't do my English—"	"He has got two deer (dears)—"
"In Germany—"	"But I don't care—"
"Where they all say—"	"When I do it—"
"I don't care—"	"If you don't care—"
"Who you are—"	"If I go—"
"If you can dance—"	"Where I ain't wanted—"
"It's the latest 'Style'—"	"Which you often do—"
"In Pennell Institute—"	"No, I don't—"
"Where I go to school—"	"Sh-h-h, here comes the professor."
"Down in Halifax—"	

ERNEST LEONARD.

Though Arizona's deserts
Are things for us to frown on,
They grow the finest cactus
That ever I sat down on.

M. C. S., '24.

THE VERSE.

I find I've got to write a verse;	There are four lines that are complete,
It's sad, but then, it might be worse.	I think I'll quit; it's time to eat,
I'll scuttle around and find	And after I've had my grub at home,
Something that I can rhyme.	I'll scribe me out another "Pome."

E. F. S., '24.

CHARACTER-SKETCH OF "ROSALIND."

Rosalind is the daughter of the banished duke. She is lively, kind-hearted, gentle and true. She is tall, and slim, and very pretty. Even in her disguise as Ganymede, she is thoroughly feminine, and never once loses our respect. She is quick to come to a decision and quick to put force behind her words. This is shown when her uncle banished her from his court; she made up her mind quickly as to what was to be done, and carried out her plans successfully.

She is witty and humorous and often she turns her troubles into a jest and later into a joy. She often felt badly at heart, but passes everything off with a joke.

She is naturally happy, but, because of her father's banishment, she is at times sad.

Her love is easily won, but she is always true and incapable of change. This is shown by her affection for Celia.

M. E. V.

DIDO'S CURSE.

(Free Translation, Virgil, Book IV.)

Sun, thou who doth illumine all deeds of mortals with thy flames,
And Juno, interpreter of these cares and a conscious witness,
And Hecate invoked with shrieks by night at the three crossroads
throughout the cities,
And avenging Furies, and gods of the dying Elissa,
Hear these my words, and turn your aid to my sufferings, and grant
our prayers.
If it is necessary that this accursed life touch port, and thus the fates
of Jupiter demand,
At least, troubled, and in arms, in war with a daring people,
An exile from his land, snatched from the embrace of Iulus.
Let him seek aid, and let him see the funeral-piles of his own men.
Let him not enjoy a kingdom or the desired light,
But let him fall before his day, unburied in the midst of the sand.
I pray with these words, I pour out this last cry with blood.
Then, O Tyrians, with hatred torment the offspring and the entire
future race.
Let there be no love to the people, nor pledges of friendship.
Let some avenger arise from our bones who will pursue the Trojan
colonists with fire brands and a sword.
I pray for shores opposed to shores, waves to waves, and arms to
arms.
Let them and their descendants fight.

ELEANOR DENNIS, '25.

EXTRACTS FROM CHINESE LETTERS.

My school is named Wuhu Union Academy. It has been closed now, but I still live there, because I want to study French in the Methodist Church on Second Street in Wuhu. I go there every day, except Sunday, during the three summer months of vacation. The distance from my school to there is not great. After these holidays, the school should be opened again on the eleventh of September. The school has five stories which are divided into class-rooms, laboratory and dormitories. There are also many other rooms, library, reading-room, washing-room lavatory, and Chapel, all of which are situated on Phoenix Hill in Wuhu. There are nearly two hundred students and twenty teachers, Chinese and Foreign.

Wuhu is not only a great city in China, but also in the world, because it produces very much rice each year, one-half of which is exported, to sell in other countries; but the remainder provides food for the natives of Wuhu and the people in the different provinces of China.

My lessons are divided into two parts: first, Chinese, second, English. My Chinese lessons are Literature, Philosophy, Sociology, Ethics, and Logic, but my English lessons are Commercial and Industrial History, Practical English for High Schools, Political Economy, Political Science and Geometry. May I ask the customs, habits, and religion of your town?

I have received your kind letter which contains your spirited photograph. * * * * *

I am fond of playing some games, such as football, tennis, and basketball. * * * * *

But I have only my hasty, I would write to you in detail.

 IN THE AIR.

We have a secret in our clan,
 Says the American to the Englishman
 To radio the news around,
 Whenever danger is to be found.
 But the German and Turk, we must
 confess,
 Have made us all sit up and guess.

E. L., '24.

MY FRIEND

I have a friend in my class
Whom I wish that you might see,
For he's always throwing solids,
Where they never ought to be.

If you happen to be late,
He's sure you'll come to an awful fate,
And in his mind, I'm sure it is,
To send you over to the state.

He has everybody snickering
When he begins to talk.
He nicknamed himself "Derby,"
And his seatmate he calls "Jock."
A. D., '24.

Locals

THE CONTEST.

The Curtis Publishing Company gave Pennell Institute a liberal offer to get a new basketball equipment.

In order to obtain this, the school had to gain at least seventy-five subscriptions for the "Ladies' Home Journal."

There were two teams, one "Red" and the other "Blue." Kenneth Burns was Major of the Reds, and Eugene Sawyer was Major of the Blues. The Blues secured fifty, and the Reds forty-five subscribers. One week was allowed for taking subscriptions, and then the losing side, which was the Red, gave the Blues a generous treat of ice-cream, cake, and candy.

SOPHOMORE SOCIAL.

The class of 1925 gave a Hallowe'en Social at Pennell Institute, November 2, 1922. The program, which was very successfully carried out, consisted of a song by six girls in Hallowe'en costume. Then followed a farce entitled "The Haunted Gate," which was cleverly staged. Nelson Winslow gave a piano solo, and Hazel Aldrich and Maynard Colley presented to the Freshman Class appropriate gifts, which produced much amusement. A social hour was enjoyed afterward by everyone.

An orchestra has been formed by several pupils of Pennell Institute, with Miss Wentworth as director. Violin, Maynard Colley; pianist, Isabelle Sawyer; Mandolins, Nelson Winslow, Theodore Muzzey, and Mary Higgins; drum, Doris Roberts; mandolin-harp, Dorothy Hancock.

Miss Ellen Cole, '24, will represent Pennell in the Y. M. C. A. County Contest at Portland, with the selection, "The Littlest Rebel."

The Chipman Prize for School Citizenship was awarded to Guy Prince, Class of 1922.

SENIOR DRAMA.

The Senior Class gave a drama on March 30, 1923, called the "Touchdown." It consisted of four acts and was very cleverly staged. The characters were as follows:

Grant Hayden	Kenneth Burns
Robert Hayden	William Douglass
Alfred Wolfe	Percy Mitchell
Gene Clark	Ernest Leonard
Junius Brooks	Earl Stevens
Professor Sumner	George Kent
Watassa Faulkner	Alva Strout
Rena Maynard	Eleanor Dennis
Margery Carson	Lillian Hancock
Dollie Sylvester	Esther Brackett
Evelyn Sylvester	Eugenia Doughty
Miss Priscilla Parmellie	Marguerite Verrill

Kenneth Burns, as the hero, and Percy Mitchell, as the villain, showed much dramatic ability. Eugenia Doughty was also very clever as the echo of her twin Dollie. Earl Stevens proved to be an excellent comedian; Alva Strout made an effective Indian girl.

Exchanges

"Nothing, if not critical."

We have received several exchanges this year and are glad to reciprocate with this annual issue. School publications receive a hearty welcome at Pennell. Come often!

The Tattler, Rangeley High School. We enjoyed every word of your paper. Excellent literary department.

Nctop, Turner Falls High School. Your paper is running over with humor. We enjoyed your artistic covers and especially your Colonial number.

Windonian, Windham, Maine. Your photographs add much to your paper. Why not increase your exchange department?

The Madisonian, Madison, N. H. A very neat paper, but rather serious. We wish you success. Come again.

The Red and White, Sanford, Maine. Interesting literary section. Where's your joke department?

The Academy Bell, Fryeburg, Maine. A fine Alumni department and a good list of exchanges, but your paper is lacking in jokes.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

X = The Young Lady.

Y = The Young Man.

Z = Chaperone.

X + Y + Z = Misery.

X + Y - Z = Bliss.—*Breccia*, D. H. S.

JUST A SLIP.

Tommy (saying his prayers sleepily): "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Mother (prompting): "If—"

Tommy (almost asleep): "If he hollers, let him go, eeny, meeny, miny, mo!"—*Nctop*.

Ancient History Teacher: "What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Fat Girl: "If I knew, I'd take some."—*Breccia*, D. H. S.

"When do leaves begin to turn?"

"The night before exams."—*Breccia*, D. H. S.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Class of '19, Mary E. McConkey is a bookkeeper for Wise and Cooper at Auburn, Maine.

Class of '20, Frances L. Cushing was elected first student director of musical organization at Wheaton College; Karl E. Libby, salesman at Portland, Maine; Marion E. Leach (Mrs. Charles Lord) lives at Newhall, Maine; Grace M. Small teaches at Cobb's Bridge, New Gloucester, Maine; Willard M. Sweetser is a student at U. S. Naval Academy.

Class of '21, Bertha C. Libby is living with her parents at Portland; Marguerite Merrill, student at Farmington Normal School; Alice W. Sweetser, student at N. E. Conservatory of Music.

Class of '22, Florence Brown, teacher at Bodge School, Windham, Maine; Francis J. Cole is studying music, and living at home at Raymond, Maine; Elizabeth Douglass, working in the P. O. at Gray; Jennie E. Foster, nurse-maid at New York City; Marion E. Roberts, teacher at North Gray; Harriet L. Russell, teacher at East Gray; Kathryn Sweetser, teacher at New Gloucester primary school; Ernest L. Coffin, farming for Walter Leighton at Cumberland; Byron Hanson, student at Gray's Business College; Edward Kent, farmer; Guy A. Prince, farmer at Gray; Clarence M. Quint, apprentice at Willis & Rumery Co., Portland; Percy S. Quint, at Gray's Business College; William L. Russell, farmer, Gray, Maine.

Ex.—'21, Joseph Leonard, student at Tufts College.

M. C. S., '24.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM GERTRUDE H. MERRILL, MT. SILINDA, MELSETTER, SOUTH RHODESIA, AFRICA

August 8. Just off again. Madeira just fading out of sight in the purple haze. Miss Larkins and I went on shore with the party, and it was surely a beautiful trip. The engines stopped as I was having my morning swim, and we dropped anchor out in the Bay of Funchal about 6.30 A. M. Land was sighted by 3 A. M., however (but *not* by me.) Before the anchors splashed, dozens of small craft were out from shore, some piled high with wicker chairs and basketry, others with fruits, and many little green boats with divers. The traders were on board before we were dressed, and had their beautiful embroideries spread out everywhere; there was hardly room to step, and we had to stop our ears and hang on to our pocket-books hard. According to prices of such wares in America their prices didn't seem unreasonable; but by waiting until near sailing time one could get the goods at half the original prices. The Maderians are born amphibians and mendicants. It really was great sport to watch the boys, some of them grown and others quite small, dive from the boat-deck down into the clear blue depths for a shilling or a farthing, it didn't matter much which. Sometimes they would swim quite a distance under water; you could see their brown bodies flashing along under one boat and another, before coming to the surface.

About eight o'clock we went down the ladder to a little motor launch dancing up and down on a slightly choppy sea. Only a few minutes before we had feet planted solidly on terra firma, but in a few minutes more we were being whisked along American style in a real auto, that somehow seemed rather out-of-place in that old-world environment of stuccoed houses and palm-trees and ox-sledges and pack-mules. We boarded the little mountain train which started very promptly on its puffy climb nearly to the top of the mountain, about 3500 feet above sea-level. Such a beautiful view as we had numerous times on that climb! It didn't take long to get above the clouds, which hung so low that we couldn't tell where sky and sea met. The clouds were soft and fleecy, and few tho. The mountain panorama was beautiful, with its terraced gardens and vineyards and varied forestry, and many kinds of wild flowers, and the houses, both clustered and scattered, built of the soft volcanic rock, or of stucco, painted different soft colors, with tiled roofs of green or red, and once in

a while a thatched roof. I recognized two varieties of pine, one or two of oak, cedar, juniper and maple trees, and several varieties of palms; then there were everywhere blue hydrangeas and many blue flowers, related perhaps to the lily, with a large cluster of trumpet-shaped flowers on the top of a long stem, called agapanthias. An Englishman sitting beside us said they were called Changeables, because they turn white when old. I thot I recognized sugar-cane. We saw many cacti and banana trees loaded with fruit. The grape-vines were very heavy with their green burdens.

A little way above the end of the railroad we came to the Restaurant Esplanade, with beautiful gardens in front of it, and a fine monument to Gongalves Zarco, who discovered Maderia in 1419. We had had nothing but coffee, so had excellent appetites for the table d'hote breakfast—fish, roast beef with tomatoes, and jam, bread (rye, I guess) and butter and coffee. The restaurant was so pretty that anyone *must* have an appetite. At one end was a lovely little sitting-room with wicker chairs and tables, and many maidenhair and other ferns and palms. The wall were all festooned with greenery. The electric lights had flower-shaped shades and decorations of palm leaves, with a truly floral effect.

A couple of snapshots taken on the walk in front of the restaurant, and then we hurried to the rear where the toboggan men were waiting. There were wicker baskets on skids, seating two or three persons, and each managed by two runners, on a road paved with small cobbles. When we came to the sharp curves we were thankful that our men were quite experienced in controlling the queer vehicles; we did skid well numerous times, where a steep grade combined with a curve, and the runners let us get considerable momentum for a long, fairly level stretch below. That ride was over half an hour, I think, most of the way at a smart trot; they certainly do develop runners there. We stopped once at the "half-way house" for the men to get a drink (probably not water). Everywhere beggars and beggars; old men and young men, and the little children by the side of the road would stretch out their hands and ask for a penny. That feature made it seem quite undesirable to be left behind in Madeira, and as it was about time for the Balmoral to weigh anchor per schedule, 10.30, we urged our runners on. At the end of the toboggan ride, from which point half-grown boys carry the toboggan back on their heads to the mountaintop, we jumped into a mule-sledge and clattered away to the waiting launch; one runner at the mules' heads, pulling them along, and the second running beside us, otherwise encouraging them. Everywhere we were pelted with flowers, for which a handsome consideration was expected. We were on board in plenty of season, and the engines started at 11.05. We could see the mountains after two hours, and our rate, I judge, was about 15 knots an hour. Maderia is 1,314 miles from Southampton and 4,673 miles from Cape Town. We pass Cape Blanco and Verde near enough to sight land, but one of them at least will be by night. Funchal, you know, is where Ex-emperor Carl of Austria died. It is a town of about 25,000.

August 13. We're due to cross the equator at about 10.30 tonight, and it has been just as cool and comfortable all day. I'll warrant you're having it hotter at home. We're still studying Chindau hard and Mr. Orner is a very encouraging teacher.

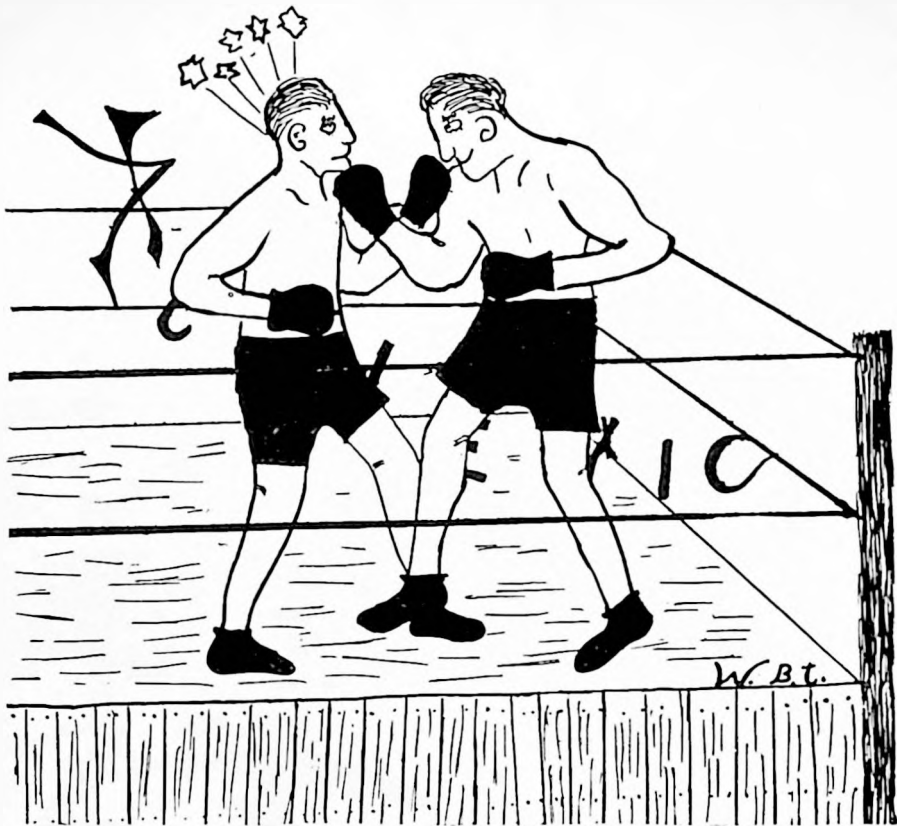
Editorials

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Athletics at Pennell have proven to be a failure this year. Basketball, the popular winter sport, had to be dropped because of lack of co-operation with the owner of the hall. The boys' team was unsuccessful in obtaining someone who would be responsible for them during the time which they occupied the hall. In this the girls were successful, but it was thought advisable by all to drop the matter entirely.

The question of erecting a gymnasium has been brought up, but as yet nothing has been done.

Pennell will probably not be represented by a baseball team this year, as there are not enough available players to make the nine. This will be the first time the school has failed to have a baseball nine for a number of years. On the whole, athletics have played a very small part in the school life of this year. It is to be hoped that better care of hired premises, or more enthusiasm toward building a school gymnasium, will bring us athletic success in the future.



There was a young man from the city
Who saw what he thought was a kitty
He gave her a pat
And soon after that
He buried his clothes. What a pity!
M. C. S., '24.

Merrill: "The dentist told me I had a
large cavity that needed filling."

Isabelle: "Did he recommend any
special course of study?"

MUSICAL NOTE

A very deaf old lady, walking along
the street, saw an Italian turning a pea-
nut roaster. She stood looking at it
awhile, then shook her head and said:
"No, I shan't give you any money for
such music as that. I can't hear any of
the tunes, and besides it smells as if
there were something burning inside!"

UNESSENTIALS.

Black cats
Revenue officers
Swinging doors
Onions and garlic
Banana peelings
Pedestrians
Paint and powder
Long skirts
Baby squawling at night
Next door neighbor's singing
Fog horn
Wife's nagging
Society.

M. C. S., '24.

Miss Allen: "Rebecca had ornaments
on her gown."

Miss Means: "What makes you think
so?"

Miss Allen: "Because they were
taken off."

McConkey: "Caligula was cruel and the people wished to murder him, so he murdered himself."

Miss Means: "What part of speech is the subject of a sentence?"

Miss Bubier: "Verb."

Mr. Smart (in Geometry): "All who went to the board yesterday may be excused."

Frank McConkey: "I went to the board day before yesterday" (Sunday)

Miss Wentworth: "Who was Madison?"

Answer: "Madison was the oldest son of seven children."

Miss Douglass (in French): "All sugar refiners are milliners," (millionaires).

Eleanor Dennis: "Aeneas wished to calm Dido by consultation," (consolation).

Mr. Sawyer, when told that élève was a noun, immediately said "rose."

Louise: "Most of the Britons are fishes. (pêcheurs)."

Miss Means: "How far did you read?"

Clyve: "As far as Christmas."

Maynard's reason for not having his French lesson: "I went to bed."

Mr. Smart to Miss Small: "Is Forest ill?"

Miss Small: "No, he is sick."

George Severy: "Pitt and Whalepool (Walpole) were great orators."

Colley: "The ships were fitable (idonei)."

Eleanor Dennis: "Dido filled a bowl (sinum) with her tears."

"Yet thus you've done our love to death, By scourging it with a thousand whips—

I could not make you understand, How kisses can be changed to blows."

(Quoted from "The Death of Love" by George Severy. See edition of George Kent's poems for reply. We understand that George Severy is now reading Samuel Johnson's "The Vanity of Human Wishes.")

George Severy (in French III): "Nous menons à quatre," (We drive four in hand.)

George translated this: "We drive on all fours."

VERNA IN HISTORY III AND IV.

"They gave the negroes 40 mules and an acre;" (40 acres and a mule.)

Miss W.: "Name a noted poem by Wordsworth."

G. Severy: "Limitations of Morality." ("Intimations of Immortality.")

IMAGINE—

Clara—fat

Dot—being a wallflower

Elizabeth—at a dance

Ted—being good

Merrill—short

Nelson—without his Geom.

Kenneth—without Eleanor

Percy—with straight hair

Marguerite—flirting

Isabelle—bashful

Ina—never tardy

Clifford—with a girl

Ernest and Marg—not disagreeing

Ellen—reducing weight

Abbie—with her lessons

Albert—chewing gum in silence

Clyve—silent

George—writing love poems

Kink—dependent

Hazel—a brunette

Chester—speaking loudly

Verna—serious

Whitney—with his hair cut

Warren—not bashful

Lindsey—graceful

Tripp—not giving advice on Gen. Science to the teacher.

Kent—making love

Lillian—not giggling

Louise—not saying “Number, please”
Mr. Smart—in a frivolous mood
Miss Wentworth—not late at morning
 exercises

Miss Means—making an ostrich out of
Doughty
The Whole School—calm.

M. C. S., '24.

ODE TO THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Although we are only Freshmen,
This statement will surely pass,
We are glad we are not members
Of that dull Sophomore Class.

There ne'er was a class so freakish,
Nor one that was half so "dead,"
As the Sophs, who think they're above
us,
But rank below instead.

They might do quite well at a circus,
If both of their dogs were trained,
For a few might pass as wild men,
And most must needs be chained.

Commencement Day exercises
For them should surely start
With a funeral march selection,
And a song, "At Last We Part."

GEORGE KENT

SENIOR STATISTICS.

Eleanor Dennis' greatest ambition is to wear shoes made by William L. Douglas. Her favorite pastime is studying Latin. Her favorite saying is "In a few minutes." Don't worry, she'll be married soon.

Alva Strout's greatest ambition is to go joy riding. She used to sing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," but lately it is "For the Love of Pete." Her favorite pastime is (what she calls) good, hard studying. Her favorite saying is "Don't bother me, I'm busy." She's lucky. "Somebody to Love."

Marguerite Verrill's chief ambition is to teach school. Her favorite saying is "Billy, how do you spell cat?" Schoolma'ams never get married; that isn't the way with "Miss Verrill." When is it coming off?

Esther Brackett's ideal is being good. She always gets "A" in deportment. Her favorite pastime is eating cake with pickles. Everybody likes Esther; I wonder why? It won't be hard for her to find a man. "She'll make a grand housekeeper."

Eugenia Doughty's greatest ambition is flirting. She still eats Campbell's soup, but she says it tastes stale now. Her favorite pastime is reading "The First Romance." "Love Never Dies."

Lillian Hancock's principal occupation is going to the dances. Do you suppose she would miss one? Well, I guess not. Her favorite jazz melody is "Carolina in the Morning." "Don't Worry" is her favorite saying. "Lillian will become a farmer's wife."

Abbie Nash's chief occupation is studying American History. Her favorite saying is "Oh, for crying out loud." Her favorite pastime is writing notes. "She'll be a nurse some day, so she says."

Kenneth Burns' chief occupation is studying Physics. He always takes a Freshman girl for a partner; what will he do next year? His favorite pastime is debating. He is a shrewd politician; he will be President Burns some day.

William Douglass's greatest ambition is to study Arithmetic with Eleanor. I wonder if he gets his examples right? I don't suppose he thinks of that. His favorite saying is, "Oh, I guess so." He will be a "business manager" and a "stage dancer."

FRESHMAN WAYS.

In Pennell Institute every day,
Freshmen are gazing every way,
First they giggle, then turn about
To see whose business they can find out.

Whenever the teacher says, "Attention!"
They turn and say, "What did she mention?"
So I'm explaining all their ways,
And hope you'll never learn to gaze.

One day a Freshman came to school,
His lessons unready, he started to fool,
The teacher was angry and gave a loud call,
And the poor Freshman from his seat did fall.

You might have laughed, if you'd been there, I'd say,
But he got his lessons the rest of the day,
And left the school building as the clock struck four,
Which never happened to a Freshman before.

My remarks I now will end,
By agreeing every Freshman to send
A copy of their singular ways,
Imitated never in Sophomore days.

I. M. S., '25.

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